

THE SUNDAY NIGHT BEAU.

A Proposal Made on the Sabbath Day is not a Binding Contract.

Dorothy Dix in New Orleans Picayune.

A Brooklyn judge has just decided that a Sunday courtship is not valid, and that a proposal made on the Sabbath day is not a binding contract. This is a solas plexus blow at love-making that knocks Cupid out of the wedding rings, for the Sunday night beau has ever put the prop and stay of the marriage institution, and with him eliminated the majority of girls can see the spinster's retreat looming up dark and forbidding on their horizons.

Naturally, the calamity of this decision will fall heavily upon maidens in the rural districts, where Sunday is the one day set apart by custom and convenience for parking, but its baneful effects will be felt through all the ramifications of society, from Newport to Bird Centre, for it is on the holy Sabbath day the heart of the billionaire no less than the bumpkin turns to thoughts of matrimony.

No statistics are obtainable upon the subject, but if married men would only own up, we should find that it was on Sunday that it first occurred to them that they were lone, lorn hachelors, and that they had it on Biblical authority that it is not good for man to be alone. At any rate, women will bear cheerful and veracious testimony that nine-tenths of all the proposals are made on Sunday. Nor is this hard to explain. Man has never been able to distinguish between religion and love. The workings of grace in him he has always mistaken for the fluttering of his heart. When he is pious he wants to propose, and when he is uplifted by the Sabbath calm and peace he feels that he can love his neighbor as himself—especially if she is young and pretty—and he forthwith asks her to marry him.

Moreover, there is in Sunday evenings a certain homesick quality that every man has felt, but which makes club cooking suddenly turn to dust and in his mouth, and men's society, no matter how brilliant, pall upon him, and that sends him forth in search of some nice, quiet, sympathetic girl, to whom he can explain his beautiful emotions, and who, in the process of time, he finds himself escorting to the altar.

Women are perfectly aware of this. They know that Sunday is the psychological moment when a man will propose if he is going to propose at all, and so when a man who has been casually calling upon a girl any old week night moves up and begins to make Sunday night dates, she realizes that it is time for her to decide whether she will be a sister to him or be married in church or at home under a floral horseshoe.

Of course men call upon other nights than Sunday, and girls joyfully receive their visits, for just as one swallow does not make a spring, so one swallow-tail hovering in her vicinity doesn't make a girl the belle she desires to be. She doesn't enjoy the less, the attentions from men who are without intentions, but she knows them for what they are. They may, or may not, mean business, but the Sunday night beau is a sure thing.

Fortunately, men are not cognizant of this causal connection between the days of the week and their sentiments. Indeed, they may even go as far as to deny that such a connection exists at all, but women who know a lot about men that men don't know about themselves understand it. Any fairly popular girl can make out a calendar of her beaux, from the nights that they come a-visiting, and tell you with almost exact certainty what they will do. And there you are, as Mr. Henry James says, when he presents the unexplainable.

For instance, the Monday night beau is almost invariably the family friend. He is somebody you went to dancing school with, and made mud pies with, and he calls you Mamie, or Sadie, and criticizes the way you do your hair, and wonders why you let that young fool Snigbey hang around you. He comes to see you for a variety of reasons—force of habit, because he was tired and wanted somebody to talk with, because he was hungry and wanted some home cooking, or because he has quarreled with his best girl and wants somebody to sympathize with him and tell him how to square himself.

The Monday night beau regards his Monday night girl as a sister, without a sister's candor, and is so little sentimental that the family never think of getting out of his way and giving him a chance. Occasionally he does propose, but when he does it is more from a dread of having all pleasant relations disturbed than from reason. If the girl says "yes," she goes through life with a husband who is like a nice, companionable, indulgent mother, but if she says "no," he sticks

without reproach back into his old position, and if the girl marries and he doesn't, he may keep up the Monday night calling as long as he lives. The Frenchman who refuses to marry his fiancée because if he did so he would have no pleasant place to spend his evenings was indubitably a Monday nighter.

The Tuesday night beau is the duty beau. He calls upon you because he must, because he owes you a dinner visit, or an opera-box call, or because he doesn't want his name scratched when you make out your invitation list for the winter, or the week's end in the summer. His visits are absolutely impersonal. He would just as soon talk to your mother or your school-girl sister, or a wax dummy, and the conversation is nice and proper, and what they call "elegant," in female seminaries. You discuss the weather, whether it has been a gay season or a dull one, were you at Blank's reception, the sensational engagement of your dearest enemy, the last new ball and the last new play, and then he tears himself away and goes on his heroic round of duty. Sometimes you may fancy for a moment that he is about to get sentimental, but he thinks better of it, and decides to wait until he can look your papa up in Bradstreet's.

The Wednesday night beau is the candy and violets, and theatre beau. Life wouldn't be worth living without him, and sometimes he makes it mighty dull to live with him, but he is generally more interested in a girl's appetite than he is in her heart, and his presence means nothing. He is generous and wholehearted and jolly, and he adores making women happy and giving them a good time, but he has no deep designs on their hearts. You never find sentimental notes hidden in his roses or candy, or have him whisper impassioned words of love over a lobster. He loves the sex as a sex, but not as individuals. If he could marry a hundred wives he would be a marrying man, but as he can't he is apt not to marry at all, so when the Wednesday night beau bobs up with his invitation to do something, a wise girl takes his attentions at their face value and saves her heart for somebody else.

The Thursday night beau is what may be called for want of a better term, the rusher, and his attentions are equivalent to a certificate of acknowledged belatedness. There are certain men who never pay a girl any attention until they have to fight their way to her theatre chair, and would not dance with her to save her life until she is so besieged with partners that she has to cut every waltz into minicement. Once let that happen, however, let her arrive, let her be celebrated for beauty or wit, or grace or money, and they camp in her parlor, and are hot on her trail from morning until night. The Thursday night beau belongs to this class of sheep. He is frequently fascinating, and always dangerously flattering, for he has, in turn, passed upon succeeding generations of debutantes, and he does not hesitate to intimate that you are the queen of all the rosebud garden of girls. He is an adept at making love, at breathing vows that just stop short of a proposal and whispering words that might mean anything and mean nothing; and if mamma knows her business she takes her knitting and stakes out her claim in the back parlor on Thursday evenings.

The Friday and Saturday night beau are the universal beau, the sort of young men to whom a peach, whether it is on the top of a tree or in a basket with a piece of red mosquito netting over it, a simple peach is, and nothing more. These may be trusted to make love to every woman under 70 that they meet. They do this not because they are in earnest, but because they are under the impression that you have to make love to a woman, like you have to shake a rattle before a baby to keep it quiet. Also, their conversational repertoires are limited, and whether they come to see you and spend the evening, or you sit out a dance with them under the palms in the conservatory they are safe to murmur the same passionate things about life being a howling desert without you, and you putting your little hand in theirs and leading them up to the higher life, and it always seems to me that no woman who wasn't a mean, grasping creature would take a man up on such a proposition unless he came and repeated it next morning at 11 o'clock in the bald light of day.

How different from these is the Sunday night beau, and how he shines by contrast! Perhaps he begun by being a Monday night beau, and even a blind woman can see what is coming. At last the climax has arrived. You

have spent a nice, quiet, calm, uplifting hour in the back parlor, with the red-shaded lamp throwing its benediction over your complexion, and you have talked of soulful things and worked up to the crucial point, and he asks you if you won't sing something. You go over to the piano. Thank heaven, on Sunday night woe songs and ragtime are barred, and so you idly turn over the music until you find "Blessed Be the Tie that Binds," and you sing a verse and break down and he clears his throat and—

And yet there is a judge who is fool enough to say that a Sunday night courtship isn't valid and doesn't hold!

Does an Education Pay?

Does it pay an acorn to become an oak?

Does it pay to escape being a rich ignoramus?

Does it pay to fit oneself for a superior position?

Does it pay to get a glimpse of the joy of living?

Does it pay the chrysalis to unfold into the butterfly?

Does it pay to learn to make life a glory instead of a grind?

Does it pay to open a little wider the door of a narrow life?

Does it pay to add power to the lens of the microscope or telescope?

Does it pay to know how to take the dry, dreary drudgery out of life?

Does it pay to taste the exhilaration of feeling one's powers unfold?

Does it pay a rosebud to open its petals and fling out its beauty to the world?

Does it pay to push one's horizon farther out, in order to get a wider outlook, a clearer vision?

Does it pay to learn how to centre thought with power, how to marshal one's mental force effectively?

Does it pay to acquire power to get out of life high and noble pleasures which wealth cannot purchase?

Does it pay to acquire a character—wealth, a soul-property, which no disaster or misfortune can wreck or ruin?

Does it pay to have expert advice and training, to have high ideals held up to one in the most critical years of life?

Does it pay to make life-long friendships with bright, ambitious young people, many of whom will occupy high places later on?

Does it pay to become familiar with all the lessons that history and science can teach as to how to make life healthy and successful?

Does it pay to become an enlightened citizen, able to see through the sophistries of political claptrap and vote intelligently on public matters?

Does it pay to change a bar of rough pig iron into hair springs for watches, thus increasing its worth to more than fifty times the value of its weight in gold?—Orison Swett Marden, in June Success.

Brought Prompt Settlement.

The Japanese can win distinction at the desk of the counting house as in a sea fight. One who obtained a situation with an English firm on trial was asked a few days after his appointment to write to a customer who had owed some money to the house for a long time and who seemed to have no intention of paying. "Write briefly and politely," said the cashier, "but let him understand distinctly that we expect him to pay the money without further delay." The letter was written and on the following day came a check for the amount due. The surprised cashier asked the new clerk to show him a copy of the letter which had been so effective. It ran thus: "Dear Sir: If you do not send us at once the money you owe us we shall be obliged to take steps which will cause you the utmost astonishment. Respectfully yours."

The form seems to combine Oriental subtlety and western point.—Exchange.

NOT A PATENT MEDICINE.

Hyomei, the Guaranteed Catarrh Cure, Prescribed by Physicians.

No one should confound Hyomei with patent medicines that are advertised to cure catarrh. It is as far superior to them all as the diamond is more valuable than cheap glass. Their composition is secret, but Hyomei gives its formula to all reputable physicians. Is it not foolish to try and cure catarrh by swallowing tablets or liquids? The only natural way to cure this disease and all other diseases of the respiratory organs is to breathe Hyomei. This treatment has been so successful, curing 99 per cent. of all who have used it, that Hyomei is now sold by Evans Pharmacy under an absolute guarantee to refund the money if it does not cure. You run no risk whatever in buying Hyomei. If it did not possess unusual powers to cure, it could not be sold upon this plan.

—A barber supplies conversation at cut rates.

—When a woman is all dressed up it's her figure; when she isn't at all, just shape.

—Many a man who says he has great presence of mind manages to forget it.

The American Sunday.

What I like about the American Sunday is the sweet voice that broods like a great white dove over the country on that day. I enjoy taking up my Monday morning newspaper—I always read the least sensational one obtainable—and noting the serene quietude that has marked one more Sabbath in the land preserved to holiness by the Puritan fathers.

Now, there was last Sunday, for example. Lest some worldly-minded people may think we are drifting away from the beatific tranquility sought to be preserved by the makers of the gentle Blue laws, let me cite a few of the more prominent headings in yesterday morning's newspaper. It would be too strenuous a task to go through the entire fourteen pages of the paper. I will, therefore, content myself with the few Sunday doings reported on the first two pages. So then:

In St. Louis a mob of seven thousand people, enraged because they could not get their money back when the authorities stopped a bull fight which they had paid to see, demolished the arena, set fire to the ruins and tried to lynch the manager. Also in St. Louis a squad of West Point cadets stormed one of the World's Fair gates and all but demolished it in their successful effort to pass it.

In Philadelphia a leading citizen was arrested for tearing through the streets in an automobile at such a rate of speed as to endanger the lives of many persons who narrowly escaped being run down while coming from divine worship; two boys playing on a raft were drowned in the presence of hundreds of pleasure-seekers at Fairmount Park; and an old man shot his young wife to death and killed himself.

In Boston a pleasure boat sank in the harbor, carrying down twenty-four men and eighteen women.

In Lexington, Va., a shooting scrape resulted in the death of two men.

In Kansas City a woman was arrested, charged with stealing \$5,000 worth of jewels.

In Omaha a little girl, playing near a well, fell in. Her clothing caught on a projection sixty feet down and she hung there for an hour until half the town assembled and rescued her.

In Jacksonville, Fla., an elderly woman was found mysteriously murdered.

In Hartford an automobile blew up, burning four men and causing a fire which called out the fire department.

And I am proud to say that little old New York was not behind the rest of the country in peace and restful quietude. Two autos filled with excursionists crashed together, throwing some of the occupants violently to the ground; a policeman pounded a fire chief with his club while the latter was trying to save a burning building; three men were wounded in a pistol battle at one of the piers; the body of a man who, the police think, was murdered, was found in the water; a well dressed woman, covered with terrible cuts and bruises, was found wandering in a dazed condition about the streets; two men were shot in a pistol battle on the East Side; a wholesale merchant shot himself to death leaving a note saying drink did it; and several lesser items of similar character, not to mention Coney Island's contribution to the story of a restful Sunday, consisting of an acrobat killed, a girl fatally hurt in a toboggan slide, a runaway in which eight persons were injured, and sundry other experiences of a like tranquillizing nature.

Incidentally I might mention that early in the evening of that peaceful day a wind storm swept over Brooklyn, hurling houses hither and yonder and generally contributing to the calm serenity of the scene. I am truly thankful that we have so successfully preserved one day in the week for quiet and contemplation of the higher and sweeter attributes of a Christian people. I should be very sorry if the strenuous Continental Sunday were introduced in this, our peace-loving land.—Brooklyn Eagle.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Every sweet girl graduate expects to marry and rule the roost sooner or later.

—Marriage isn't always necessarily a failure. One always has a fighting chance.

THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT

Every sweet girl graduate expects to marry and rule the roost sooner or later.

—Marriage isn't always necessarily a failure. One always has a fighting chance.

THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT

Every sweet girl graduate expects to marry and rule the roost sooner or later.

—Marriage isn't always necessarily a failure. One always has a fighting chance.

THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT

Every sweet girl graduate expects to marry and rule the roost sooner or later.

—Marriage isn't always necessarily a failure. One always has a fighting chance.

THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT

Every sweet girl graduate expects to marry and rule the roost sooner or later.

—Marriage isn't always necessarily a failure. One always has a fighting chance.

THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT

Every sweet girl graduate expects to marry and rule the roost sooner or later.

Sent to Kentucky For Her "Mammy."

A beautiful young lady, a member of one of the richest and most aristocratic families of Henderson, Ky., married a few years ago and went with her husband to New York city to live. The affection between her and her "old black mammy" was hard to bear. After the young wife had settled in the East she determined to have "mammy" come on to visit her and sent money for her ticket.

Imagine the surprise of the prim New Yorkers when they saw an old colored woman coming through the station gate suddenly pounced upon by an elegantly dressed lady, who threw her arms around the old woman's neck and kissed her time and again. Dropping her bundles, the woman seated herself on a truck, and, drawing the lady upon her lap, tenderly stroked her hair and exclaimed:

"My God, my baby! I've so glad to see you, honey."

To her the fine lady was only the little girl, whom she had tenderly nursed in sickness and in health and on whom she had lavished all the love of her simple heart.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Revised Version.

Jacob H. Schiff, the New York banker, was talking about plain and direct speech, says an exchange.

"To be plain and direct is always best," he said, "but to be too plain and direct is to be uncouth—to be ludicrous."

"A good example of that was afforded by a clergyman. He was addressing a congregation of fishermen and he wanted to be sure they would understand him.

"The Bible tells us," said this clergyman, 'that it is as difficult for a camel to pass through a needle's eye as for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. That, though, is a round-about confused way of stating the case. I should state it like this:

"It is as difficult for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as for a shad to go up a smooth bark apple tree tail foremost."

—With the dawn of the millennium the sword will be beaten into a corkscrew.

—A popular man is one who does not say smart things at the expense of his friends.

—A man isn't necessarily a high liver just because he occupies the attic room in a boarding house.

DO YOU NEED A MEDICINE?

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO INVESTIGATE.

There is no one who does not need a Liver Medicine occasionally.

The symptoms of Liver Complaint are well known to every one, such as constipation, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, headache, a tired feeling and many others of a similar nature.

Thousands die annually by not heeding the warnings of nature.

Many acquire some chronic disease from which they never recover.

Many of these could be spared for years of usefulness, by keeping in the home some reliable remedy.

We believe that we can convince any fair-minded person that there is no better remedy for the Liver than Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup.

The formula is known, consisting of: Buchu, Hydrangea, Mandrake, Yellow Dock, Dandelion, Sarsaparilla, Gentian, Sena and Iodine of Potassium. You know just what you are taking. How many other formulas of liver diseases are published? Ask your druggist about this. It is already prepared and can be taken immediately.

The strength is extracted in the most skillful manner, certainly superior to any powdered preparation known. (We also manufacture a Liver Medicine in powdered form, with which any druggist can supply you, but this, like all other dry Liver Medicines requires preparation.)

Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup is pleasant to take, does not lose its strength as Liver Medicine in dry form, and will keep in any climate.

Your doctor, however skillful, could prescribe nothing better.

There is no opportunity for a doctor to make a mistake in writing a prescription, or a drug clerk to make a mistake in compounding the same, (besides a doctor's bill and the cost of the medicine.) You can be absolutely sure of the proper proportion being in every dose.

Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup has been used with the greatest confidence and success in thousands of homes for 55 years, and is prepared by a pharmacist of 25 years' experience, in a laboratory equipped with the most modern appliances for the most perfect safety.

If you do not understand your case, write today for a Free sample bottle and "Dr. Thacher's Health Book," Give symptoms for advice. We simply ask that you try it at our expense. We know what it will do.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 50 cents and \$1.00.

THACHER MEDICINE CO. Chattanooga, Tenn.

HEALTH AND VITALITY
DR. MOTT'S
NERVINE PILLS
The great remedy for nervous prostration and all diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Falling or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every box we guarantee to cure or return the money. Sold at \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE BY EVANS PHARMACY.

MOVED!

WE have moved our Shop and office below Peoples' Bank, in front of Mr. J. J. Fretwell's Stables. We respectfully ask all our friends that need any Ro. Eng done, or any kind of Repair work, Engine Stacks, Evaporators, or any kind of Tin or Gravel Roofing to call on us, as we are prepared to do it promptly and in best manner. Soliciting your patronage, we are, Respectfully,

BARRISS & DIVVER.

Certainty of Cure
to sufferers from
SPECIFIC BLOOD POISONING

FOERG REMEDY CO., Evansville, Ind.
CAPITAL STOCK \$25,000 FULLY PAID
This certificate is given with Every Purchase of Six Bottles of
FOERG'S REMEDY
In consideration of Five Dollars (\$5.00) paid for six bottles of Foerg's Remedy, this certificate is good for the sum of \$190.00 and in consideration of your using these six bottles exactly according to directions, for Specific Blood Poisoning or Scrofula, the undersigned agrees to pay to _____ Five Dollars, provided no benefit is derived from the six bottles, and this certificate is returned to the undersigned within four months.
We guarantee the payment of Five Dollars (\$5.00) in accordance with contract printed above.
FOERG REMEDY CO.
Evansville, Ind.

(This is a fac-simile of our guarantee)
This certificate is a most liberal guarantee and one which we could not evade even if we desired. We are perfectly safe in making it, for six bottles will produce such marked benefit that the user will be satisfied of an ultimate cure, and his gratitude will prompt him to be fair. With this guarantee you take absolutely no chances for this certificate is worth \$5.00 in cash to you and will be redeemed by the druggist from whom you purchased the remedy for \$5.00 cash. We guarantee this, and to further satisfy you a national bank guarantees us as you can see from the certificate. You can see that if it would not positively know that Foerg's Remedy would cure any case we could not afford to make such a liberal genuine proposition, as the loss it would entail would be enormous.
With the above information before you if you go on suffering from the curse of poisoned blood, either primary, constitutional or as a result of mercurial treatment, don't treat at face but simply blame Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism, Pains, Stiff or swollen joints, Eruptions or Copper-colored Spots on the Face or Body, Little Ulcers in the Mouth or on the Tongue, Sore Throat, Swollen Tonsils, Falling out of the Hair or Eyebrows, and finally a Leprosy-Like Decay of the Flesh and Bones. If you have any one of these symptoms don't delay till too late but go to your druggist and get a bottle of

FOERG'S REMEDY THE GREAT
BLOOD PURIFIER

All druggists guarantee it.
If your druggist does not handle this remedy send us \$1.00 for one bottle or \$5.00 for six bottles and absolute guarantee fac-simile of which is published above. All packages sent in plain wrappers. All correspondence strictly confidential.

FOERG REMEDY CO., Evansville, Ind.

FOR SALE BY EVANS PHARMACY.

JUST RECEIVED.

OLD DOMINION CEMENT,
AND
BEST LIME.

O. D. ANDERSON.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

We offer for sale the following desirable property, situated in this and surrounding Counties. Nearly all of these places have good improvements on them. For full particulars as to terms, location, &c., call at my office.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 59 acres, near city limits, Anderson, S. C. | 133 acres, in Pendleton township, well improved. |
| 50 acres, two miles from city, unimproved. | Berry place, Varennes, 87½ acres. |
| House and Lot, 6 acres, near city limits, very desirable. | 437 acres, Pendleton township, tenant houses and dwelling. |
| Half-acre City Lot, front on Main Street, no improvements. | 145 acres, Evergreen place, Savannah township. |
| 1 acre, with new dwelling, in city limits. | 150 acres in Savannah township, well timbered, no improvements. |
| 1½ acres, near city limits, cleared, no improvements. | 200 acres in Center township, Oconee County, 100 cleared, balance well timbered, well watered, good mill site with ample water power. |
| 200 acres in Fork township, on Tugaloo River, two dwellings. | 65 acres in Pickens County. |
| 100 acres in Williamston township, improved, on Beaverdam creek. | 600 acres in Hopewell township. |
| 400 acres in Oaklawn township, in Greenville Co., half in cultivation, 5 tenant dwellings, 50 acres of this is in bottom land. | 130 acres in Broadway township, improved. |
| 700 acres in Hopewell township, on Six and Twenty Creek, 300 acres in cultivation, 2 good residences, 6 tenant dwellings, 40 acres in bottom land. | 230 acres in Fork township, on Seneca River, good dwellings, &c. |
| 91 acres in Garvin township, on Three-and-Twenty Creek, good dwelling, barn, &c. | 800 acres in Anderson County, on Savannah River. |
| 56 acres in Mason Co., N. C., 29 miles above Walhalla, on road to Highlands. | 96 acres in Lowndesville township, Abbeville County. |
| | 84 acres in Corner township. |
| | 75 acres in Oconee County. |
| | 75 acres in Pickens County. |
| | 152 acres in Rock Mills township, on Seneca River, 2 dwellings. |
| | 700 acres in Fork township. |

All the above are desirable Lands, and parties wanting good homes, at low prices, can select from the above and call for further particulars. Now is the time to secure your homes for another year.

JOS. J. FRETWELL,
ANDERSON, S. C.

CHINA.
FINE
FRENCH
TEA-SET:
BEAUTIFUL
DECORATED.
A VARIETY OF
ODD PIECES
AND
NOVELTIES.
JOHN M. HUBBARD,
JEWELER,
HOTEL BLOCK.

Oldest, Biggest, Cheapest, Best!

This Establishment has been Selling FURNITURE
IN ANDERSON for more than forty years. During all that time competitors have come and gone, but we have remained right here. We have always sold Cheaper than any others, and during those long years we have not had one dissatisfied customer. Mistakes will sometimes occur, and if at any time we found that a customer was dissatisfied we did not rest until we had made him satisfied. This policy, rigidly adhered to, has made us friends, true and lasting, and we can say with pride, but without boasting, that we have the confidence of the people of this section. We have a large Stock of Goods this season than we have ever had, and we pledge you our word that we have never sold Furniture at as close a margin of profit as we are doing now. This is proven by the fact that we are selling Furniture not only all over Anderson County but in every Town in the Piedmont section. Come and see us. Your parents saved money by buying from us, and you and your children can save money by buying from us. We carry EVERYTHING in the Furniture line, The Old Reliable Furniture Dealers